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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XXXIX. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1902. | NO. 1

WINDOW GLASS SITUATION.

What the Pittsburg Dispatch Has to Say in Regard to the Matter

Failure of the outside independents and co-operatives to come to an agreement at Muncie brings the window glass situation to one of the most critical periods of the industry's history. A meeting of the executive committee of the Independent Glass Company will be held the latter part of this week to take action in the matter. The officials of the company have discounted the possibility of the failure becoming permanent, and have directed all factories to fill, if possible, every order of the jobbers before January 1, when the agreement expires. This indicates that lower prices are expected. An advance of 15 per cent will be made should the American, Independents and co-operatives and outside independents agree upon a distribution of sales.

Window glass is now selling as low as it was before the American Window Glass company induced the independents to form the selling agency, or 30 per cent below the prices which have recently been in force. The recent price, however, was too high for safety, as it permitted Belgium glass to come into the country. The American and Independent companies have been steadily increasing production, and the co-operatives have been desirous of securing some share of the sales.

The American now allots its 1,000 per cent of the sales and the Independents gets 40 per cent. In the case of an agreement both will be compelled to share their prosperity with the outside independents and the co-operatives, who heretofore have not enjoyed any portion of the allotments of the jobbers.

The failure of the co-operatives and independents to get together places a damper on the situation, and it is the intention of the American company to demand that the production be curtailed or the fire shortened before it enters into an agreement with the outsiders. It is probable that some portions of the factories will be closed down rather than shorten the fire one month, as contemplated. The result would be better in view of the scarcity of blowers.

The contracts for glass of the jobbers expire to-morrow, and the buyers stand prepared to give orders for 750,000 boxes as soon as the price is fixed. They also stand willing to pay an advance of 15 per cent over the rates just in force. Some of the independent manufacturers have determined to close portions of their factories and concentrate their blowers in the hope of securing economies, but they have planned to wait the outcome of the present negotiations.

Some of the outsiders are paying premiums for blowers, contrary to the wage agreement. This must be settled before the situation is clarified and prosperity once more reign among the glass houses. Production must also be curtailed 25 per cent in order to effectively employ the small number of blowers.

Both the American and Independent companies are anxious for peace, as disruption promises to hurl the trade into a worse condition than it has been for some time. The contract of the American with the Independent company for its supply of glass expires to-morrow. There is no doubt but that it will be renewed. The agreement for the establishment for the independent selling agency has one more year to run. There is scarcely any likelihood of the old prices being restored, as they were just high enough to allow foreign glass to come in. All realize this.

The P., S. & N. Enters Olean.

An Olean dispatch of Dec. 29 says: The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern road has met with considerable opposition here, but to-day its tracks were laid for a distance of 1½ miles to the Pennsylvania depot. Had the work been held back until after January 1, the company would have forfeited certain right-of-way privileges through expiration of time limit. But to day the chief engineer of construction, A. C. McComb of Bradford, at the head of about 300 men, finished the work to the depot and ran a train over it according to requirements. Being in possession of the right-of-way the P., S. & N. railway cannot be easily ousted. Trains will now run between Bolivar and Olean regularly. Much local interest is felt in the outcome of the project owing to the strenuous opposition which it has encountered and Mr. McComb is being congratulated on his success.

Baptist Church.

The Rev. P. S. Calvin will preach in the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening. The Lord's Supper will be observed at the close of the morning service. Mr. Calvin is a graduate of Bucknell and Chicago universities and has just closed his first pastorate of three years at Neenah, Wis. He will preach in the chapel at East Smethport 2:30 p. m. next Sunday.

Try our Brated Triple Effect Headache for sale at J. C. Hamlin's.

Roosevelt and Miles Friends

Recent distorted accounts of the interview between the President of the United States and Gen. Nelson A. Miles, head of the United States army, have resulted in such a diversity of comment throughout the country that from half a dozen sources the actual occurrences at the time when Gen. Miles called to explain his interview on the Schley court findings have been learned, through the consent of the President, says a Washington dispatch.

Gen. Miles called in the morning during the regular receiving hours of the President. He was admitted to the office of Mr. Cortelyou, secretary to the President, who is next to the cabinet room in which the President transacts most of his public business, and where he receives those with whom he wishes to talk at length or privately. When Gen. Miles entered the office of Mr. Cortelyou there were ten or twelve other gentlemen waiting to see the President. They included members of Congress, two Senators and a few others, who came on various errands. The President entered the room from the cabinet room, swinging open the door himself and looking about as he entered. Gen. Miles rose to his feet at once and exclaimed: "Just a minute with you, Mr. President."

The President waved his hand in [illegible] and Gen. Miles answered: "I only want to explain a matter to you and will relieve you of [illegible]."

The President said: "If you will excuse me a few minutes, I will talk to you gentlemen [illegible]."

Gen. Miles replied: "Be sure to when the President was turning to his other callers and, extending his hand, said: "I will take but a moment. I have an explanation to make to you."

The rest of the general's words were lost. The President could be seen to listen for a moment, and then turning to face Gen. Miles, was heard to say emphatically, but without trace of anger:

"This public discussion must stop. It is subversive to discipline in both the army and navy. It has gone far enough, it will not be countenanced further."

The President continued to address Gen. Miles, and although his tones could be heard, the words could not be distinguished, except an occasional one, which gave no connected idea of what he was saying to Gen. Miles. They were sufficient to convey the idea that he was explaining how he felt about the quoted utterances of the general. Many of the other visitors in the room knew of the interview in consequence, but not one of them has said that the President showed any temper or was anything but earnest.

When Gen. Miles turned from the room the President waved an adieu, and the parting between the President and the general of the army was that of friends.

Death of Miss Bloomster.

Ellen Marin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bloomster, died at the home of her parents, near Kasson, on Sunday, December 22, aged 16 years and 28 days. The immediate cause of her death was gangrene.

Miss Bloomster was of a most kind and loving disposition and her demise is a severe blow to her family, which is composed of a father and mother, six brothers and two sisters, besides a large number of more distant relatives. She had not been well for nearly a year, but was confined to her bed only a few days. She had a true Christian spirit and her every act was in accordance with her belief.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday of last week, Rev. W. B. Linn of Hazelhurst officiating. The remains were interred in the Kasson cemetery.

Civil Service Examinations.

The United States Civil Service Commission will hold examinations at several places in each state during March and April, to secure young men and women for the government service. 9,889 persons secured positions last year through these examinations. Probably 10,000 appointments will be made this year. All appointments are for life and for most positions only a common school education is required. Salaries at appointment vary from $650 to $1200 a year with liberal promotions afterward. Politics is not considered. This affords a good opportunity for people between 16 and 45 years of age. Those desiring places of this kind can get full information about them, free, by writing to the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C., and asking for its civil service catalogue number three.

Call at H. C. Wells' drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are an elegant physic. They also improve the appetite, strengthen the digestion and regulate the liver and bowels. Easy to take and pleasant in effect.

SOCIAL EVENTS GALORE.

THE PAST WEEK HAS BEEN A BRILLIANT ONE IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.

SOMETHING ABOUT BALLS AND BANQUETS

The past week has been a continual round of pleasure for the amusement loving people of Smethport. Balls, parties, dinners and winter outings have followed one another with a regularity to satisfy the most enthusiastic society person. It was impossible to get particulars of the smaller affairs, but something about the more pretentious ones follow:

BANQUET AT THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

A very pretty dinner was given at the Commercial House last Thursday evening by a number of young ladies and a few of their bachelor friends in honor of the young ladies to whom they felt indebted.

The dinner was served [illegible] was being laid for the [illegible] four persons. At [illegible] of Bradford, were [illegible] of guests, with [illegible] goods [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible] which was [illegible] during [illegible] party. It was [illegible] which was [illegible] decorated with [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Engelbry.

The dinner itself was [illegible] and admirably served and when [illegible] coffee and cigars were [illegible] a number of toasts were given and responded to and were heartily enjoyed. At 2:30 [illegible] the fense being over the party [illegible] all feeling that they had done a [illegible] justice to a most sumptuous repast, and that Mr. and Mrs. Provin, although comparatively young in the business, are excellent caterers. Before departing for their homes the party voted Mr. and Mrs. Provin and every one of their assistants hearty thanks for the most tidy way in which the dinner had been cooked and served.

The participants at the feast comprised the following: Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago, Mrs. Melville M. Gillette of Newark, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. William O. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. William O. Herzog, Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklyn Olmstead, Miss Orra King, Miss Anna Smith, Miss Bessie Hussey, Dr. Eddy R. Baker, Messrs. Willett S. Palmer, Guy H. McCoy and Harry L. Backus.

PAUL JONES CLUB'S DANCE.

The Paul Jones Club of Smethport held its mid-winter dancing party at the hose house Thursday evening of last week and it was, without doubt, one of the most pleasurable and brilliant social festivities ever held in the town. The hall room presented a holiday appearance and the pleasing decorations of bunting and holly made harmonious surroundings for the bewitchingly-gowned ladies and well dressed men who glided over the floor to the entrancing strains of Sutton's orchestra of Olean. The committee having the details of the party in hand were indefatigable in their efforts to make the affair a perfect success and the members admirably fulfilled all expectations. Thirty-three couples were in attendance and enjoyed themselves with a happy abandon befitting the festal occasion. At the conventional hour the merrymakers proceeded to the dining room and seated themselves to partake of a sumptuous banquet. Caterer Peterson certainly did himself proud on this occasion and the guests did ample justice to the elegant spread. After refreshing themselves dancing was resumed and indulged in to the wee small hours. Many beautiful costumes were prepared for this occasion and it is regretable that space will not allow an extended description of them. A number of out-of-town guests were present who were delighted with the manner in which they were entertained.

A Counterfeiter Caught.

Daniel Everson was arrested in Osceola, Pa., on Friday last on suspicion of being the man who passed spurious $5 gold pieces on Bradford merchants a few days ago, and was taken to Bradford for hearing.

He has admitted his guilt and claims to have made the coin. His home is in Portville and he is a [illegible] trade. This assisted him [illegible] to make a good counterfeit [illegible] says he is glad he has been [illegible] of coining offences.

He will be [illegible] United States District [illegible] Erie in January.

THE FROGS' BANQUET.

In commemoration of the anniversary of its foundation, The Ancient Order of Frogs Pleasant and Congenial banqueted last night at the Commercial House. The event was celebrated at exactly 11 hours, 59 minutes, 59½ seconds p. m. Washington time and the attending ceremonies were weird and marvelous. Supreme Congenial Frog Judge Reynolds served [illegible] and presided [illegible] delivered [illegible] Frogs [illegible] Frog was the [illegible] Christmas [illegible] Frog [illegible] Frog [illegible] Diana, the [illegible] Frog was the [illegible] of them

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1901.

"The end of the [illegible] year of the [illegible] century and the [illegible] to the opportunity [illegible] should [illegible] to announce and look [illegible] toward a number of [illegible] [illegible] six years ago Mr. McKinley [illegible] the responsible duties of the Presidency. He was confronted by a sadly depleted Treasury, as a result of Democratic tariff tinkering; the prosperity of the country was waning from similar causes; a condition of affairs prevailed in Cuba which was abhorrent to all right thinking people. Without stopping to review the history of those six years look at the situation today.

"The Treasury is bursting with a surplus aggregating $81,000,000, including the gold reserve, of which $220,000,000 is actually in gold coin or bullion. The country is enjoying a prosperity never before equalled. Affairs in Cuba are prosperous and she will soon be a free and independent sister republic. The United States has demonstrated her military prowess to an extent that has commanded the respect of the world and will make the Monroe Doctrine one of principle rather than of words. We are the owners of a canal across the isthmus which will be the highway of the commerce of the world, and the Pacific coast is being rapidly developed into such trade will come to that section as never existed before. Instead of a deficit for the year ending June 30, 1897, of $41,000,000, as was the case when Mr. McKinley took the helm of state, the Treasury will show a surplus for the year ending June 30, 1902, of $100,000,000. Instead of a tariff for revenue only, which was the paramount issue in 1896, we have a tariff that not only provides sufficient revenue for the economical administration of the affairs of the government, but which has been the means of bringing to the country the prosperity which it now enjoys. Instead of a currency which was a subject of constant agitation, we have a currency which is as good as the best, and which is a subject on which the President and Secretary of Agriculture are in hearty accord. The longer that Mr. F. D. Coburn of Kansas will be Secretary Wilson's assistant the more convinced will he become that [illegible] is a good thing for the farmer, but will long ere the latter think it is something new every time Mr. Coburn's friends run [illegible] for it.

"The statement that Secretary Long will resign is again revived and will not down because it is founded on fact. Secretary Long wishes to resign and will do so whenever he concludes that the feeling over the Sidney Sampson controversy has subsided sufficiently to permit of his so doing without its being said that he is either running away from consequences of his acts or that the President has signified disapproval of them to an extent that has forced his resignation. Speaking of Secretary Long there have been published certain mean statements to the effect that he has not done his part in the social duties which devolve on a Cabinet minister and that penuriousness was the cause. Mr. Long as a comparatively poor man and although he has not entertained extensively he has doubtless exceeded his salary, and the above will not a great hardship to him.

THREE PLUMP BABIES.

An Exhibition Which the Crusty Old Bachelors Thought Disgusting.

"Yes, sir," said one old bachelor to another,

"I never [illegible] the other old bachelor [illegible]

"Three women had come into the street car at different times with babies of different ages. The first baby was just old enough to [illegible] The second was about a year old, and the third was a little baby. [illegible] the babies. The second was about a year old, and the third was a little baby. [illegible] the babies. The second was about a year old, and the third was a little baby. [illegible] the babies.

Redfield's Magazine

for January

Is now out.

Fine Illustrations. Entertaining Reading.

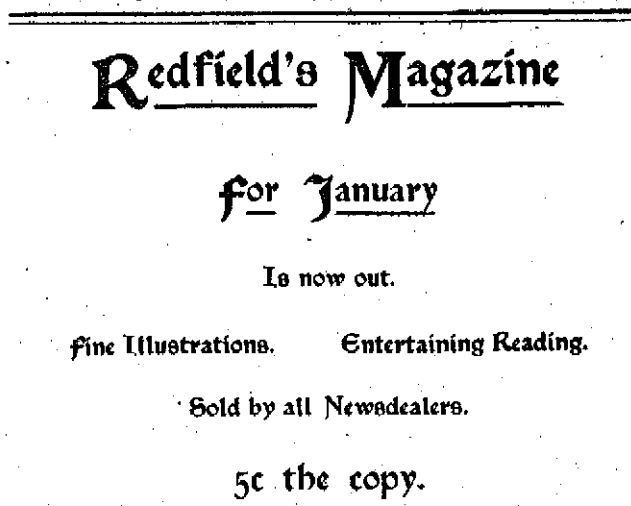
Sold by all Newsdealers.

5c the copy.

50c the year.

Scott F. Redfield, Publisher,

Smethport, Pa.



THE TRIPLE EFFECT.

If you are going to buy a Heating Stove get the best. If you want heat, health and a small gas bill get the Triple Effect. If you have any doubt of its marvelous heating qualities consult any one who has used one, and especially those who have "fired" the imitations and replaced them with the original and ONLY Triple Effect. Sold ONLY by

J. C. Hamlin.

in Smethport and Vicinity.

Remember, its system of manufacturing hot air is covered by U. S. patents owned by the makers, and I have their exclusive agency in this town. Any one claiming similar improvements in tubular heating is trying to recite 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. They are sold at the same prices the world over.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Vol. XXXIX, No. 1.

—To-day is the MINER'S birthday.

—Smethport is socially very gay at present.

—Four wells are now drilling in the Sartwell oil field.

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick is quite ill at her home on West Main street.

—Rev. Alan Russell has resigned as rector of the Episcopal church at Kane.

—The Shingle House window glass plant commenced operations last night at midnight.

—People in this section are beginning to realize the excellence of the Clarion State Normal school.

—Shepard & Gallup, the grocers, have a change of advertisement this week to which your attention is directed.

—S. E. Evans, the well known barber, is once more back to his native town and is working in J. E. Mundy's shop.

—Charles Trucks of Bradford recently won the bowling championship of western Pennsylvania at a contest held at Pittsburg.

—It is rumored that a swamp of the Ancient Order of Frogs will soon be established in Kane by some of the chief croakers of Smethport.

—United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew and Miss May Palmer were married at Nice last Friday afternoon in the United States consulate.

—Several glass blowers, formerly employed in Smethport, will work in the big factory at Shingle House. They expected to commence blowing last night.

—If you are suffering with any of the manifold ills that beset the most rugged at this season of the year read L. K. Hogarth & Co.'s ad. If you are not suffering read it anyway.

—D. C. Young tells that a great reduction will be made in the price of certain goods at his store in his ad this week. If you are in search of bargains and reliable goods don't fail to call.

—That lively glass manufacturing town, Shingle House, has a small-pox scare. There seems to be little cause for the alarm as no one as yet has the dreaded disease but some are reported to have been exposed.

—Rev. E. E. Helms continues his sensational sermons against Christian Scientists in Buffalo and the believers in faith cure make frantic replies. The battle is waged to a great extent through the columns of a Buffalo newspaper.

—Miss Mabel DeHart and Mr. L. E. Mallory, Jr., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeHart of Jackson avenue, Bradford, at 6 o'clock last evening.

—Letters remaining in the postoffice for week ending Dec. 28, 1901: Chas. Croissant, Mrs. Matilda King, M. T. Page, Louis Peppin 2, Robert Stitt. Packages: Miss Jennie Lane, E. M. Kindle.

—Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin entertained a few friends Saturday evening at her home on West Main street in honor of her son and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago and Miss Janette Hamlin.

—The ornithologist of the Potter Enterprise says: Many birds, particularly those that are prey for sportsmen, possess the faculty of skillfully dressing wounds. Some will even set bones, taking their own feathers to form the proper bandages.

—Miss Adda G. Burch, who is a teacher in Concepcion College, Casilla 260, Concepcion, Chili, when renewing her subscription writes: "I am very well. The weekly visits of the MINER are much enjoyed. Smethport seems to be growing and the MINER grows in interest."

—The new marriage law which became effective in New York state yesterday is causing much discussion. According to its provisions a couple can make a brief contract, which, signed by two witnesses and filed at the county clerk's office within six months, constitutes a marriage.

—A chemist of Sweden announces that he has discovered a process whereby he can produce powdered milk. An observing editor says that this is nothing new, as milk men in this country have sold powdered milk for years and never announced the fact, only when some milk inspector does it for them.

—An exchange says, there is such a thing as genuine aristocracy founded on real worth and merit. But when it is founded on the assumption that the young man or woman who works in the shop or kitchen is beneath the notice of those who call themselves the cream of society, it is positively evidence of a lack of brains and good sense.

—Truman Kessler, a boy who is employed in the Haines Flint Bottle works, had his left hand badly cut last Saturday morning. He slipped and fell near the tank and his hand came in contact with a piece of glass on the floor cutting a severe gash in the heel of the hand. He managed to walk to Dr. Clark's office although he bled freely, but fainted while the wound was being dressed. No cords were severed, however, and he will be able to resume his duties in a short time.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Cups, Brushes and Sponges That Are Left In Barber Shops.

"What becomes of all the old shaving mugs?" was the question asked the barber.

"What becomes of the owners?" was the response.

Neither side seemed disposed to answer the query, and there was an awkward silence. The barber slapped his razor on the strop, smeared some extra lather on the victim's mouth so he wouldn't be inclined to interrupt and said in a stage whisper:

"Now, I'll tell you, but I don't want it shouted from the housetops. We use the mugs again."

He paused and sighed as he tossed the questioner's head the other way.

"Yes," he continued, "we use them again. We don't like to lose customers; but, if we must lose them, why, we don't mind if they leave their cups, etc., behind. It's surprising how many do; but, then, barbers do mostly a 'shifting trade.' It's no secret that we urge customers to have their own cup. Most of them are satisfied if they have a private cup, brush and sponge. We supply them with the man's name on the cup for $1.50, and our profit on the transaction is 50 cents. When a man has a razor and comb and brush besides the other tools, he generally takes the whole lot away when he's leaving, but countless cups, brushes and sponges are left behind in every barber shop.

"The cups are always good. Many of them contain such common names as John Smith, William Jones, etc., and when some other John Smith or William Jones orders a cup we simply supply him with the cast off one. Sometimes they need a little touching up with gilding; but, on the whole, it's very profitable.

"The brushes and sponges? Oh, we use them on the transients."—New York Telegram.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Ducks and geese need no grain when they have plenty of grass.

Chicken fatten faster on cooked food than on raw because it is more easily digested.

When soft food is given to either young or old fowls, it should never be thrown on the ground.

When dissolving salt, put the loose grain fed to fowls about the scattered among litter of some kind, so that they can scratch it out.

Exercise is a thing so big for the health and well being of poultry as confining them in close quarters and preventing them from taking needed exercise.

One of the most important items to insure success in the hatching of chickens in winter is to get the eggs from a flock of healthy and vigorous fowls.

There is better health among roving fowls because they get the food that is best for digestion and get the necessary grit to help the gizzard do its work.

When necessary to administer medicine by placing it in the drinking water, keep the fowls from drink for several hours. They are then thirsty and more apt to get a good swallow.

The Last Execution at Tyburn.

The last execution on a permanent gallows in London took place at Tyburn on Nov. 7, 1783, the malefactor being one John Austin, condemned for highway robbery with violence. For centuries Tyburn had been the scene of executions for criminals condemned in Middlesex, and before the erection of the permanent gibbet occasional hangings had taken place, record existing of the hanging of Judge Tresilian and Nicholas Brembre at that place as far back as 1388.

The gallows consisted of three posts, and around it were open galleries, resembling race stands, in which seats were let. On account of the disgraceful scenes on the road executions were transferred in 1783 to the area in front of Newgate, despite the objections of residents, and on Dec. 3 of that year the first hanging took place there, when no less than ten were executed.—London Chronicle.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All taxpayers of Smethport borough are hereby notified that in order to save 5 per cent on their taxes the same must be paid on or before January 6, 1902. I can be found at the furniture and carpet store of Specht & Sasse, this borough.

CARL SASSE, Collector.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

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to buy a nice, sweet piece of

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whether it ... a full ... quart ... nall

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...OONEY

CENTRAL BLOCK. **"THE FAMOUS,"** SMETHPORT, PA.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Couldn't have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind—but a good many kinds we want to close. What if the lots are small? Aren't they as good as any if THE SIZE, STYLE AND COLOR ARE THERE?

MEN OF SMETHPORT

if you want a good Suit or Overcoat for yourself or boy at a saving unapproached these offerings are entitled to your prompt consideration. Suits and O'coats that simply outclass any ever offered at like figures.

$6.50 TO $7.50 SUITS OR O'COAT **$5.75**

$8.50 TO $10.00 SUITS OR O'COATS **$7.75**

$11.00 TO $12.50 SUITS OR O'COATS **$10.00**

$13.50 TO $16.50 SUITS OR O'COATS **$12.50**

During this Great Reduction Sale we do exactly as we did in the past. Give you YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

WILLIAM MONHEIMER.

HOTELS.

RAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

The house has recently been greatly improved with all appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA

This Hotel has been recently built and is now furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
POLO ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above hotel, and made extensive improvements, am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, Proprietor.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
ROBERT GRAVES, PROP'R.
$1.25, $1.50 PER DAY. Olean, N. Y.
OPPOSITE W. N. Y. & P. DEPOT.

Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished throughout. Bar supplied with finest Wines and Liquors. Pleasant Ladies Parlors.

HOTEL HAZEL,
POTTER & CLARK, PROP'RS.
MAIN ST. HAZELHURST, PA.

All modern improvements. Elegantly appointed bar. Rates, $2.00 per day. $8.00 per week.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor
Larabee, Penn'a.

First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.
126 Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accomodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH Proprietors.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdevant.
Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
In the latest style of art.
None but first-class workmen employed.

Alfred Sturdevant, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED

M. J. Norris,

TONSORIAL ARTIST, has opened a barber shop in Gaskin & Grant's news depot where he is ready to serve all patrons. Shaving and hair cutting executed in a strictly first class manner. A trial is all I ask as I am confident you will call.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

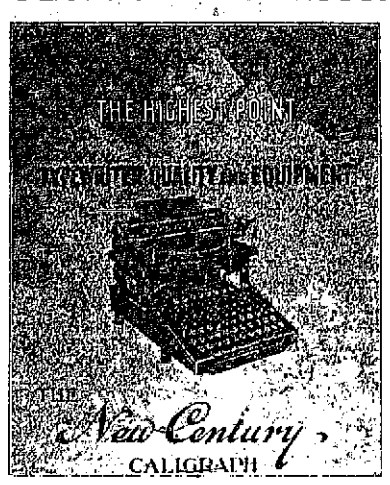
For Sale.

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport, - Penn.

March 7, 1900.

NEW CENTURY CALIGRAPH.



Double universal keyboard. Represents 23 years' labor by the makers of the Caligraph typewriter. "The velvet touch"—minimum of labor and noise in operating.

Send for Catalogue.

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES CO.

315 Broadway, New York. 21 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Local Agency at Leonard's Drug Store, Bradford, Pa.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

INSURE YOUR LIFE WITH THE

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association
OF NEW YORK.

One of the Great Life Companies of the World

Frederick A. Burnham, President.

1881---RESULTS UNPARALLELED.---1901

Over 800,000 Policy Holders, Representing nearly 200,000,000 of Insurance

Invested Assets, over	$12,250,000
Government Deposits, over	$600,000
Death Claims Paid, over	$44,000,000

FOR FULL INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEO. M. KELLOG, General Agent,
Hornellsville, N. Y.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

At this time of the year thoughts turn to Oranges, Lemons, Malaga Grapes, Cluster Raisins, Currants, Mince Meat, Cranberries, Nuts, etc. We have a fresh stock for the occasion, as well as full stocks of Dry Goods and Notions.

J. COLEGROVE.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The following rates will be charged for advertisements published at the regular rates per square, twelve lines of solid nonpareil type constituting a square. One week, 1 insertion, $1.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Two weeks, 2 insertions, $1.75. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Three weeks, 3 insertions, $2.50. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. One month, 4 insertions, $3.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Two months, 8 insertions, $5.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Three months, 12 insertions, $7.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Six months, 24 insertions, $12.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. One year, 52 insertions, $20.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

Reading notices, ten cents per line for each insertion.

Local notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1901

Republican Borough Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough offices will be held at the regular polling place in Smethport borough on Saturday, January 25, 1902:

Two persons for councilmen to serve for three years.

One person for constable.

One person for auditor.

Two persons for school directors to serve for three years.

One person for judge of election.

One person for inspector of election.

Polls open from seven o'clock p. m. until nine o'clock p. m.

N. H. KNAPP, Committeeman.

Announcements.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

DAMON MINER. Please announce that I am a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

Dec. 2nd, 1901. S. C. SHERMAN.

DAMON MINER. Please announce that I am a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

JAMES BRAY.

Farmers Valley.

FOR CONSTABLE.

DAMON MINER. Please announce that I am a candidate for constable of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

HENRY SCHOCK.

East Smethport, Dec. 16, 1901.

WITH this issue the MINER enters upon the 58th year of its existence and to [illegible] the object has been to [illegible] the news happenings of town and county that it may attract and retain [illegible] support, while our advertisers will [illegible] for this purpose. It is our intention to strive harder than ever to [illegible] and solicit your [illegible] and feel sure we will [illegible] appeal to all who [illegible] know [illegible]

WILLIAM J. SEWELL, United States Senator, died at his home in Camden, N. J., on Friday last, from diabetes complicated with stomach and heart trouble.

GEN. WOOD, military governor of Cuba, says the island can easily support a population of 12,000,000, or eight times the present number of inhabitants. Before the growth can be rapid, however, the coming government will have to be sampled.

SMETHPORT Republicans should pick out good men for borough officers at the primaries, Saturday, Jan. 25, and after having done so give them their undivided support at the polls. Don't forget the night on which the caucus will be held, but surely attend and lend your assistance to the selection of a strong ticket.

THE lurid reports in circulation the first of the week in regard to probable hostilities between the United States and Germany over the Venezuelan dispute are not given credence by the leading newspapers of either country. The German press takes a conservative view of the matter and appears to be assured that all troubles will be amicably settled.

AT a meeting this week of the Church Club in New York city, while discussing the opening of saloons on Sunday, Bishop Potter made the remarkable statement: "Prohibition is an impudent fraud and an impudent failure," and using the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont as examples made a vigorous argument in support of his convictions.

ENGLAND is seeking peace with the Boers. A press dispatch from London in part says: Negotiations for peace, informal, but extremely promising, are actually proceeding between Lord Kitchener and the Boer leaders in the field. Lord Kitchener, thanks mainly to the influence of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, England's chancellor of the exchequer, has been granted a free hand, subject only to reference on political matters to Lord Milner.

THE church people of the country in large numbers have been sending petitions to Washington against the passage of an act excluding the Chinese from this country. They take the high moral ground that the Chinese should be allowed to come to America to learn the Christian civilization of the new world, and in turn to impart it to their people at home. However praiseworthy this position may be there is not many indications that the members of Congress are being influenced in favor of the church argument. They realize too well the danger to this country if the Chinese were allowed to compete with American labor. We can stand it to have the Mongolians remain in ignorance better than to see our own people starve through admitting this class of pauper labor.

TREASURER ELECT A. W. BOYD will enter upon the discharge of his duty Monday next. Mr. Boyd is a conscientious gentleman who will be sure to attend to the finances of the county in a painstaking manner and we have no doubt will be a popular official. His son, Clement C. Boyd, will act as deputy and is well spoken of by all who know him. For the Messrs. Boyd we bespeak a pleasant and successful term of office.

NEXT Monday John W. Campbell steps out of the office of Treasurer of McKean county where he has faithfully and conscientiously served the people for the past three years. Mr. Campbell can turn over the office to his successor with the consciousness of a work well done and as far as we are aware can retire without the slightest criticism of his conduct in the discharge of his duties, or of his able deputy, John R. Shoemaker. Mr. Campbell is a pleasant gentleman and has made many warm friends by his genial, generous and cordial personality. The best wishes of his many friends and acquaintances, with whom the MINER most heartily joins are extended to Mr. Campbell with the hope that he may receive a full measure of success in whatever undertakings he may embark.

An Example Which Won't Be Followed.

The PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER has published a statement that the payment of seven million dollars would cover the cost, account of our [illegible] against China, of every kind, [illegible] the [illegible] of the Americans [illegible] with the [illegible] which [illegible] Chinese [illegible] and [illegible] Such [illegible] per [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO. | F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Smethport, Pa., January 2, 1902.

Men's Underwear 1-4 Off.

We begin this morning our first sweeping reduction sale of Men's Underwear. It is a genuine clearance and the reduction is an absolutely fair and straightforward cut of 25 per cent. from the actual selling prices for the season. Surely the time to get a supply if you need winter underwear.

MEN'S $ .50 UNDERWEAR for $ .38
MEN'S $1.25 UNDERWEAR for $ .56
MEN'S $1.25 UNDERWEAR for $ .94
MEN'S $1.50 UNDERWEAR for $1.13

Reduction Sale of Boys' Clothing

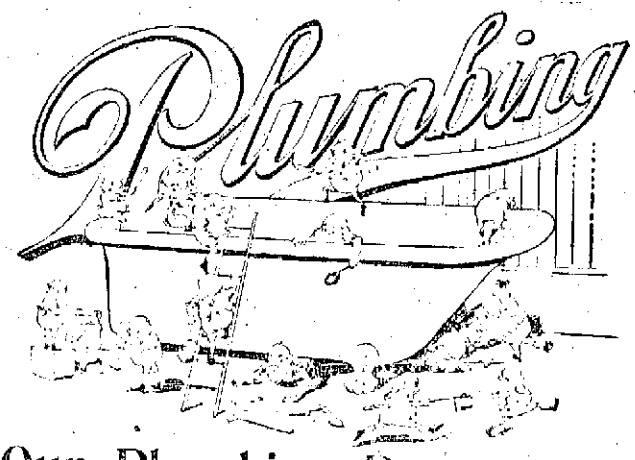
Broken lines are a nuisance at stocktaking time and we have decided to close out all the odds and ends in our Clothing Department before February first. 25 per cent. off must do it.

Boys' Overcoats
For ages 3 to 9 years.
Boys' Three Piece Suits
For ages 3 to 10 years.

Special Reduction of Ladies' and Children's Furs

New Shipment of Queen Quality Shoes | Fresh Supply of Groceries Always on Hand

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO



Our Plumbing Department

is in the hands of competent workmen whose work we cheerfully guarantee. Our stock of Plumbing and Gas Fitting Supplies is very complete and our prices are the lowest in town. We buy in very large quantities consequently get better prices, therefore we are able to sell cheaper than those who buy in smaller quantities.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—School reopens Monday.

—Sleighing parties are numerous.

—Austin is to have an Episcopal church.

—Are your New Year's resolutions still in force?

—Kane firemen gave a grand ball Tuesday night.

A valuable horse belonging to Geo. Farr died Monday last.

—Smethport skaters miss the frozen surface of the old mill pond.

—The merchants of the borough had a good holiday trade this season.

—The county auditors and jury commissioners report for duty next Monday.

—McKean Bros., saw mill shut down Tuesday and will not start again until spring.

—Mrs. Lawrence Hopper entertained a few friends at cards last Friday evening.

—"Ike" Simons of Bradford has a change of advertisement this week. Look it up.

—Was to read your home paper and keep it paid for in advance one of your New Year resolutions?

—It is reported that Judge Reynolds fired the first gun of his campaign at the Frog banquet last night.

—John W. Voorhees of the Palace Pharmacy advertises all holiday goods at cost in his ad this week.

—Thomas R. Cummins and Miss Clara Hayward, popular Bradford people, were married Tuesday.

—1902. Is that the date on your letter, note and bill heads? The MINER is headquarters for job work.

—Holmes & Gilfillan change their ad and locals this week. It will be greatly to your advantage to read them.

—Your attention is called to J. Colegrove's ad in another column. If you want first class groceries give him a call.

—Miss Edith Young has accepted a permanent position in the store of D. C. Young as typewriter, stenographer and general assistant.

—High water and fire caused a disaster at Richmond, Va., this week. The water entered a building containing lime and a big fire was the result.

—I. G. Howe has resigned as a candidate for the office of mayor of Bradford. Mr. Howe says his health is poor and his physician advised him not to run.

—What do you think of the MINER in its new form?

—J. T. Swan, the Bradford furniture man, has an announcement for 1902 in today's issue to which your attention is directed.

—1902 was allowed to slip in quietly by Smethport citizens. A few fired revolvers and firecrackers, but that was about all.

—We want a good live correspondent in every town in the county. If you feel inclined to help us out let us hear from you.

—It is reported that Fred McFall, the well-known pitcher of Eldred, has received an offer from an American League team.

—Miss Grace Arnold is enjoying the measles, says the Friendship Republican. What a beautiful disposition Grace must have.

—F. D. Gallup, who was accidentally shot in the legs some two months ago, is so far improved that he is now able to walk with a cane.

—Editor Harry Mullin of the Cameron County Press distributed sixty-eight turkeys to the widows residing at Emporium on Christmas.

—Max Schooler, proprietor of the New York Cash Bargain store, has moved his family from Olean into the McCoy house on East Main street.

—H. H. Redfield calls your attention in his ad this week to his facilities for doing first class plumbing. Do not fail to read what he has to say.

—Shillenn & Torrence, the leading tailors, have something of interest to tell you this week. This firm's excellent work is becoming more popular every day.

—The glorious old liberty bell will be taken from Philadelphia to the Charleston exposition this week. It will be closely guarded by soldiers and policemen.

—The well known and well liked Louis Marck has announced himself as a candidate for the office of mayor of Bradford. Mr. Marck will make a strong run.

—Mumps have made their appearance in town. Chas. McKean of Bank street is having a tussle with them and Mrs. McKean is suffering from an attack of whooping cough.

—Coasting accidents are in order now that the devotees of that exhilarating but dangerous sport have taken almost complete possession of the sidewalks in various parts of the town.

—Brother Francesca, an aged monk, died at Paterson, N. J., this week. He was not a talkative man as is evidenced by the fact that he had spoken but three times in the last 27 years.

—Fry & Herzog advertise a stock taking sale in their ad this week. Read it.

—There will be no dull season at "The Famous." Wm. Monheimer, proprietor. Read his new advertisement. The sweeping reduction he makes in the price of clothing will bring buyers in plenty.

—Editor Layman remarked in the Reporter last week that the recent shortage of gas in the Port Allegany window glass factory was caused by a defect in the line—not by a decrease in the supply.

—County Treasurer-elect Boyd will take the oath of office next Monday. According to late reports his son, Clement C. Boyd, has been appointed deputy treasurer and will assume his position at the same time.

—H. H. Quinn and Kate Birmingham of Mt. Alton were married at the Catholic parsonage last evening, Rev. Father Cosgrove performing the ceremony. A host of friends will wish the newly wedded pair God speed on their matrimonial voyage.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. are at the front this week with a new ad announcing a sale of underwear, etc. You had better take advantage of this opportunity at once as the goods will not last long at the prices quoted.

—Twenty-one Hazelhurst citizens formed a merry sleighing party that drove to town last night. Supper was served to the visitors at the Wright House and they were highly pleased with Smethport service.

—The icy condition of Smethport's sidewalks has caused many falls during the past week but so far no fatal accidents are reported. This dangerous condition could be avoided if people were compelled to clean the snow from their walks.

—Miss Jessie Sheldon and Tom Sheldon were married Monday in New York city by a justice. Later word is received that the happy couple stopped off in Buffalo. The Sheldon boys have been in the employ of the Lyndon Furniture Co. for some time and are well known in Smethport.

A Chicago professor claims he has discovered a medicine that will keep the average man from death. He claims that cattle are free from the fear of death and that his discovery is a step toward the goal. Can it be possible that Mexican Pluto foresaw the Cossacks were about to invade Pekin?

The small boy seems to be the only person to appreciate the slide down Hamlin's hill. He says it's great fun, only a little cold on the seat of the pants. Some of the older citizens, however, would like to see the hill sanded.

A country editor who once took pot-luck at a boarding house in which he was stopping, was asked to say grace at the supper table. Seeing the only vacant seat was by the side of a pretty girl, he bowed and closed his eyes. Opening them with a start he said: "Lord, I have married a good woman and her name is not Mary."

Mrs. Ellen Sheldon, mother of Tom Sheldon, who was married in New York city Monday, received a telegram announcing the happy event. Mrs. Sheldon was so overcome by the news that she fainted away. Mrs. Sheldon is a sister of Mrs. Ed. Lyndon.

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Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even the greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not cure all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at H. C. Wells' drug store. Get Green's special almanac.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pain in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

The most extensive line of Robes and Blankets ever shown in town can be seen at J. C. Hamlin's

My stock of robes and blankets is complete. No better line was ever shown in Smethport. CHARLES LEMMLER

Heavy sleds for wood or log hauling, three styles, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

G. W. Mitchell visited Bradford Tuesday.

J. A. Yerdon of Jamestown is in town on a business mission.

Chas. Anderson of Colegrove had business in town Monday.

J. R. Haughney of Eldred had business in town on Friday.

Miss Marguerite Henderson of Olean is visiting friends in town.

Miss Julia Murphy of Nunda, N. Y., is visiting Miss Ella Carson.

Burgess E. L. Ryan of Kane was a Smethport visitor on Friday.

J. J. Downs of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Editor Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News made us a brief call on Friday.

Gust Larson of Mt. Jewett was a welcome caller at this office on Friday.

Miss Maude Davis of Bradford visited Smethport friends a few days last week.

W. K. Swetland of Coudersport had business in town the latter part of last week.

Mrs. F. H. Nourse and children of Shingle House are visiting friends in town.

Miss Nina M. Chapin has gone to Albany, N. Y., for a two weeks' vacation.

Martin Jeorg, one of Coudersport's popular druggists, was in town last Friday.

Miss Ethel Gifford returned to her studies at Fredonia Normal school yesterday.

James McKittrick of Bradford was a welcome caller at the MINER office Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Burgan Stickles attended the Lilly-Burdick nuptials at Port Allegany this week.

R. G. McFall, associate editor of the Eldred Echo, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. V. L. Ackerman and son, Lawrence, of Port Allegany are visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Lucia Shepard is entertaining Miss Carl Mayhew of Port Allegany and Miss Hollenbeck of Bradford as her guests this week.

A. W. Mitchell of Pittsburg, who has been visiting his parents during the holidays, has returned to his duties.

Earl Howard of State College is visiting friends in town. Earl was captain of the college football team last season.

John Hagerstrom visited Williamsport last week and was accompanied home Friday by his son Donald, who will visit here a short time.

Miss Lucia Shepard entertained a few friends Friday evening at whist in honor of her guests, Miss Carl Mayhew of Port Allegany and Miss Hollenbeck of Bradford. Those present were Misses Mayhew, Hollenbeck, Mary Hamlin, Mary Hyde, Mary Ackerman, Mary Hagerstrom, Mary Hall, Mary Hamilton, Mary Hall

THE VOICE OF AN ECHO

A Story of Two Old Fools

Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose hooded tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a September night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, buttressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the flood of ghostly light, and if the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view they were amply repaid. From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them hidden by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their only object. The small talk of acquaintanceship, friendship and even love is within certain limits and among people habituated to each other's conventions practically indistinguishable. Frequently it is difficult to decide why the degrees should be of so much consequence to the parties.

It was knowledge of the world and the good temper of experience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kinnaird on perfectly unruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had long ago forgiven her, gratifying as it once had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with her earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her. Thus secure in vindication, the best for which the dying Eve bequeathed to all her sex, Mrs. Hugonin could without the slightest reflection upon her widowhood accept once more the companionship of a man who tolerated life as comfortably as Arthur Kinnaird. The imminence of the climacteric which she knew to be threatening Him was not to be read from his eyes. His step was alert, his cheeks were bronzed. His tastes were rational and what more could he desire?

She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her elbows on the ledge, gazed without speaking at the haunted double. Kinnaird gave a little laugh behind her. "Margaret," he said, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again."

"Why, particularly?" she asked, without turning her head.

"Oh, all this summer," he replied. She did not ask him to be more explicit. "It is certainly an ideal place," she said with a half sigh. "Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature restore one's youth. One may feel young again, but one is not really any the less dispassionate."

"I am not so sure of that," said Kinnaird. "I should like to argue the point with you—if it could be argued."

"You men are all alike," said Mrs. Hugonin with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulder. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

Kinnaird stroked his mustache thoughtfully for a moment. "And so you think me dispassionate?" he observed.

"You?" said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful laugh. "Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to contribute!"

"If you mean that," he said slowly, "it is quite as I feared."

"As you feared?"

"You still believe me capable of as much mistaken self control as I once was. And," he added calmly, "I don't wonder."

Though there was no bitterness apparent in his tone Mrs. Hugonin was startled. "Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she said gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You petulant with your past? You provoked with your recollections? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently. "Come," he said, "you have no right to be ironical. Though I once let you go, it was because I thought you wished to be released."

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hugonin, "I did not know you were serious or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"I am entirely serious."

"Really?" said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago." Then she drew herself up proudly. "Can it be that after all this time you have conceived the childish whim of forcing me to a—to an apology?"

"No—hardly that."

"I am ready to make it," she went on. "But if I do"—

Kinnaird moved to the window beside her and laid a hand on her arm. "You are much mistaken," he said, in the undisturbed voice which so provoked her. "You must indeed think that I am taking leave of my years. I never had much vanity, I think, but what I had when I was younger I never made a pet of. Look over there at the rocks, and what do you see?"

"Rocks—and moonlight. But, Arthur"—

"The rocks make me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone mountain together. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and I let you. Now, I did that because I reflected that if you fell I could catch you."

"Well?"

"You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first and made you cling to my—pardon me—coattails."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now."

"After that," said Kinnaird, pursuing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up I thought always of you first. That was why I gave you up—which you naturally considered a weakness."

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation, a weakness for self pity. But it was checked by her vexation with her friend for breaking their tacit understanding, and by the feeling of half contemptuous pity that stole over her as he spoke.

Were she a man, she thought, she would never confess at forty to the incompetence of twenty-five. That Kinnaird did so, but absolved her again. Also, she reflected, she had had a headache yesterday, and therefore it was very lucky this conversation had not been started yesterday or she would have been much more provoked than she was now.

"I shall not stop you," she said in a half mischievous tone. "Go on—I won't be angry. You will perhaps admit that if there is anything rankling it is as well for you to admit me and have it over, even after all these years, whose obituaries you have written."

"My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping hers so quickly that involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away, "it is well for me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let her go again."

"Arthur!"

"Margaret, I love you more than ever."

"It is impossible!"

"I love you!"

"You cannot, cannot be in earnest," she stammered. "Why, you have never told me."

"Never—until now," he laughed. "I learned something when I lost you the first time—my darling!"

"This," said Mrs. Hugonin, partially recovering herself, "is folly, Arthur, and it is most unfair."

"Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife? No; you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quibble with your words," he said, smiling. "May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will; may they bring you back to—it was twenty that you were when it all happened! Margaret, when you were twenty-six I went away from the city of all my loves, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a reprobate had done before me. I recalled to my treasures and left them and my score is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you when you were twenty all that I had to say to you, the secret buried that I [illegible] piling up for our married life is mine, and now I want you to share it with me." He paused a moment and then went on: "My dear, I have simply had to wait; that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again."

Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps I was in the wrong," she said. "But why did not you think more of yourself?"

"I am thinking of myself now," said Kinnaird.

Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung distracted and in doubt, the cliff before them rang faint and sibylline with an echo. It was the town clock of the village striking over beyond the trees. They could not hear it, but, sent from ledge to ledge in the still night air, it struck silvery and remote on the granite facade. As it sounded they both started, he at its elfin suggestions, she at its material reminder.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "It is 11 o'clock."

"It is," said Kinnaird.

"And we must positively go back to the hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur—and you know it, for I saw you start too." She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked.

"The augury?"

"We are two old fools," she said. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. "Think of my thirty years—be quiet, if you please. I choose to be thirty for formality's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight. When 11 o'clock strikes, we recollect that we ought to be respectably at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past, and it is over. Yours has been unhappy, and I am, oh, so very sorry! But you are contented now and, what is more, you are kind and strong—it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel—and we shall beware of echoes in future."

"I thought you said you had grown old," said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that refuses the echo."

And he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Lord Kelvin's Inventive Eyeglass.

Soon after Lord Kelvin had assisted in laying the Atlantic cable, when he was yet known as Sir William Thompson, his mind was greatly troubled in devising some method for perfecting the ordinary telegraphic apparatus used on overhead wires, as the old method, or the one then in vogue, was not suited for the varying currents passing along the cables.

The laying of the electric current had the effect of making them run together in one bottom current, with surface ripples. The difficulty which Lord Kelvin had to overcome was to invent a means of clearly distinguishing all the delicate fluctuations.

One day the great inventor's eyeglass dropped off and swung in front of the magnet. The glass deflected its movements, and from this simple and unexpected incident the "mirror instrument" was invented.

The Russian Climate.

The Russians count upon their climate as one means of defense, as it was when Napoleon invaded Russia. Their troops are accordingly trained in winter maneuvers, including loading a battery, with its war transport and material complete, upon sleighs, moving it for some distance over a difficult, snow covered country and bringing it into action again.

He Was Too Slow.

Magistrate—Your husband charges you with assault.

Madame—Yes, your honor. I asked him if he would always love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, dear, and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.—Illustrated Bits.

A STORY OF TWO FLAGS.

How a Man's Life Was Saved at the Very Last Moment.

The following stirring incident of the two flags happened at Valparaiso, Chile, and was related at Montreal in 1881 by the Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck. Dr. Peck said:

"The man who gave me the facts I am about to relate was Mr. Haskins, an American sailor who had sailed to a port in Chile. On going ashore, he said, to enjoy his day of liberty he drank a little and became hilarious. One of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and, striking him a blow, knocked him down. On that the American sailor got up and knocked the policeman down in return. He was on that arrested and tried and condemned to be shot in the morning of the following day.

"Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities that it would be monstrous to shoot the man for such an offense, but they paid no attention to him, so he thereupon made a formal protest in the name of the United States government against the barbarous act. Mr. Haskins, the sailor, was in the morning brought out pinioned to be shot.

"As the English consul was preparing to hoist the union jack he saw the crowd in the field opposite, where the execution of the American sailor, of which he had heard, was to take place. Rushing over the American consul, he said, 'Loring, you're not going to let them shoot that man!'

"'What can I do?' he said. 'I have protested against it. I can do no more.'

"Quick as thought the English consul shouted: 'Give me your flag!' And in a trice the stars and stripes were handed to the English representative. At once, taking his own union jack in his hand, he hastened across the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiers, and, running up to the doomed man, he folded the American flag around him and then laid the union jack over it. Standing a few paces back, he faced the officers and soldiers and shouted defiantly: 'Now, shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America!'

"And they dared not do it, for they feared the consequences, as the man was at once released. In telling me," said Dr. Peck, "Mr. Haskins said to me, with tears streaming down his cheeks even then, 'They loosed me then and, oh, how I longed to embrace those two dears!'"—Anglo-American.

WINE AND WATER.

A Simple Little Trick at Once Effective and Mysterious.

Here is a trick that is always effective and, while it is very simple indeed, still it is hard to appear first a wee bit mysterious and later, especially your little brothers and sisters, will be unable to explain it.

Take two of any claret glasses and fill one to the brim with claret and the other equally full with clear water.

Cover the top of the glass containing water with an ordinary visiting card so that there are no places around the edge uncovered by the card. Turn the glass upside down and place it on the top of the glass containing claret and adjust the glasses so that their edges meet exactly all the way around.

Now move the card slightly to one side so that there will be a little space at one side of the glasses inside uncovered by a card. At once a thin stream of claret will begin to rise through this space, not mixing with the water at all, but its edges clear and sharply defined. The water, too, will begin to descend into the glass containing the claret, a pure, glistening white stream against the ruddy red.

The stream of claret, too, rising through the sparkling white of the water presents a beautiful effect, and in a moment the claret will begin to spread about the top of the upper glass like the unfolding of a red rose and the water will spread in the bottom of the lower glass. The two fluids will not mix, but will present a delightful contrast of red and white with sharply defined edges.

In a very short time the claret and water will have changed places, the claret being in the upper glass and the water in the lower. This is due to the difference in weight of the liquids; water, being the heavier, forces itself into the lower glass, and a portion of the claret is moved up to take the place of the descending water.—New York Herald.

CURE FOR CATARRH.

A Remedy Which an Old Virginian Says Is Infallible.

An old Virginia horse breeder who is visiting in New York claims to have an infallible cure for catarrh. "It seems to me," he said "that 90 per cent of the people of New York city suffer more or less from catarrh. If they will do as I suggest, they can cure themselves in short order.

"A friend of mine who used to live in Yonkers had such a severe case of catarrh that he was compelled to give up his business and go to Colorado. The doctors told him that the high altitude of that state would benefit him. He remained in Colorado nearly a year and then found himself as badly off as when he left Yonkers. After he had made up his mind that nothing could cure him and that he might as well die at home as among strangers he met an old tinker, who gave him the remedy, which cured him in three months.

"Dissolve a little powdered alum in a pint of cider vinegar. Use the solution as a gargle three or four times a day. It won't do any harm if you swallow some of it. Two or three times a day, but particularly just before going to bed, dip a chicken feather in vaseline and stick the feather up the nostrils. I suppose any contrivance bought at a drug store for the purpose will do just as well as a chicken feather, but the old tinker insisted that there was some medicinal virtue in the feather.

"The gargle clears the throat and the lower portions of the air passages from the nostrils. The vaseline heals the diseased condition of the affected parts. In a week the sufferer will feel better, and if he will keep up the treatment he can be assured that he will be cured."—New York Mail and Express.

HOW I MARRIED MY GRANDMOTHER

It was five years ago. The affair began then, but before I say any more let me recall to your mind the fact that I was always regarded in the family as my grandfather's heir. The title and entailed estate would go, of course, to his eldest son, my uncle, but the greater part of his vast wealth would come to me. In fact, he had so declared. I had lost both parents when but a child, and I had grown to manhood under his immediate care, for he had long been a widower. My father had been his favorite son. What more natural than that I should be the preferred one? There was this understanding, however, between my grandfather and myself: I must never marry without his approval. Marry! I had no thought of it. My rollicking bachelor life pleased me too well to exchange it for any other.

And that sort of existence lasted until I was twenty-seven, and then it was brought to an abrupt close by—what do you suppose? Well, a girl's face, nothing more—a girl's face seen for a brief moment only at a window as I was changing carriages at Bolton station. You smile. I don't wonder, but I declare to you that from thenceforth I knew no peace of mind. That face was ever before me, looking out from under a dainty gypsy hat, pale, pure, perfect in outline, with a luxuriant mass of soft brown hair full of shiny ripples, dark eyes, a little red mouth and shining white teeth.

"Some dreamy little chit," I said to myself again and again, "with a pretty face and a head full of romance. I wish I had never seen her. At all events, it is highly probable that we have met for the first and last time; so I'll forget her."

Brave words! I could not forget her, and just then, to add to my perplexity, my regiment was ordered off to India.

A few days before embarking I received a letter from my grandfather, Sir John Halbrooke, urging me to run down to The Towers in order that I might meet the lady who was destined to be my future wife. My answer was short and to the point:

Dear Grandfather: I have no desire to marry. Besides, I shall be in India in two weeks. I have no time to waste. But I shall run down to The Towers to see you. Your affectionate grandson.

The old gentleman's answer was equally concise and explicit.

My Dear Grandson—If you come to The Towers with the intention of putting yourself contrary in my hands, I shall be overjoyed to see you. If you attempt to enter my house with any other intention, I'll have you kicked out, and if you go to India, I hope to heaven that you'll be shot. Your affectionate, etc.

What could be done in the face of such an epistle as this? Evidently nothing, so I cheerfully made my preparations for departure, and before we sailed—I am glad to remember this—before we sailed I wrote again to Sir John, but this time it was a letter full of gratitude and affection and earnest regrets that I could not do as he desired.

To this I received no answer, but a month after my arrival in India I read the announcement of the baronet's death, and the same paper contained his marriage notice. A letter from his solicitors explained the mystery.

My grandfather had been severely injured while overlooking some renovations which were being made at The Towers, and, feeling that death was fast approaching, he had almost at the last moment married the only child and heiress of Hubert Monckton, Esq.

"Moreover," wrote the lawyer, "by your grandfather's will you inherit something above £50,000, provided you consent to marry the lady with whom he went through the ceremony of marriage on his deathbed. Otherwise you receive not a penny of his fortune."

Had the man gone mad? Marry my grandmother? For, word it as they might, the ugly fact was still there—the woman was my grandmother.

Bristling with indignation, I wrote to Sir John's lawyer—not very civilly, I fear, but very energetically, I am sure. In the first place, I said I would not accept a penny of Sir John Halbrooke's fortune as a free gift. In the next, I would not accept the whole of it burdened with a single restricting clause, and, in conclusion, I not only refused to marry the widow, but absolutely declined holding any communication whatever with her.

"And say to my grandmother," I added, "that the world is wide enough and there are men enough in it for her to seek whom she may devour elsewhere and not among those whom the law of the land now declares to be her own kith and kin. Let her cast her eyes among the strangers at her gates and not upon her grandson!"

That ended the matter, and I was troubled with no more letters about it.

Two years afterward I returned to England on leave, and then fate, in the person of General Ashland, led me down to Surrey for a fortnight's shooting.

Ah, my dear fellow, it is only the old story over again. I went down to Surrey and met there—whom do you suppose? Well, the girl whose face—seen once and for a moment only—had haunted me for years.

She was a distant relative of my host. Yes, and I loved her desperately not for her beauty alone, but for the pure goodness, kindliness and unselfishness of her heart, which were constantly and unthinkingly revealing themselves in a thousand artless little ways.

So, as you may guess, my two weeks at Ashland Park wore on to four, and I still lingered, even until the dying leaves were rustling feebly in the mellow air of a belated autumn.

And one clear, starlit evening, when Helen and I were sauntering among the trim flower beds that were cut in the soft green turf of the terrace, I told her the secret of my heart—its hope, its fear, its sweet unrest.

When I ceased, my companion looked up at me wonderingly, and, upon my honor, tears were glistening in her pretty eyes.

"What!" she said. "Are you sure? Do you love me—me? Oh, Colonel Halbrooke, how could you? Indeed, I cannot—cannot be!"

"Because your heart is given elsewhere, I suppose? But, Helen, I can not let you go from me! I love you. Oh, my darling, how shall I live all the long weary years of my life without you?"

"Hush!" she cried sharply. "Sir, do you know—do you know who I am?"

"Indeed, yes! The sweetest little girl in the wide world!"

"No, sir, I am not. Colonel Halbrooke, I am your grandmother!"

My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hands and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all!" I gasped.

And standing there by the broad stone coping she told me all—how her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian, had watched over her with jealous care, always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home to The Towers, a young lady.

She had heard of me. She knew all about her guardian's intentions and my persistent refusal to see her. And when Sir John lay dying and appealed to her to marry him, in order to secure certain property which would otherwise pass to the next of kin she consented.

"Not for myself, Colonel Halbrooke," she continued, "for I inherited a fortune, but for you. The property has been sold, according to instructions, and the money coming from the sale is yours. Sir John wished you to take it. He often said that your allowance was paltry compared with what should have been yours and would have been too, had your father not left so many debts behind him."

"You are privileged to speak as you please about my father," I murmured. "Were he living you would be his mother."

"Don't be ridiculous, sir!" cried her ladyship sharply. "And if you are trying to mortify me you may as well understand that you cannot succeed. I meant to do right, and I regret nothing that I have done. I did not know anything of your actual circumstances, and I wished about as much as my will was read."

"Do I understand that the money really mine, Helen?"

"Yes; all yours."

"Well, I want it."

"You shall have it. Never fear. But are you so frightfully in debt?" asked my companion in a low awed whisper, her big eyes full of gentlest sorrow.

"In debt? Thank heaven, no! But I can receive nothing from you unless you give yourself to me also."

"Would you marry your grandmother?" she asked between a sob and a laugh.

"I would! And my great grandmother, too, if she came to me like this."

Then a smile like the full sunshine wreathed my darling's perfect lips, and—and—well, to me that prim old terrace became then simply Eden, a garden of all delights.

She is my wife now. I like my family far too well to think of marrying out of it.

Cardinal Newman.

A friend of Cardinal Newman says in The Cornhill that that eminent man spent every day from 9 to 2 or 3 o'clock in his study. "He always kept on his table the edition of Gibbon, with the notes of Guizot and Milman, Dollinger's 'Heidenthum und Judenthum,' almost always the copy of 'Athanasius' which had belonged to Bossuet and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great bishop—the 'last of the fathers,' as Newman delighted to call him. Newman had also always near at hand some Greek poet or philosopher.

"Talking to me one day about Greek thinkers, he said—and I believe he has mentioned it to others—that he owed little or nothing intellectually to any Latin writer, with one exception. The exception was not St. Augustine, but Cicero. He always maintained that he owed his marvelous style to the persistent study of Cicero. This will strike, no doubt, many people as most strange. St. Augustine, one would think, would have appealed to Newman, and his Latin was more picturesque than that of Cicero.

"Again, authorities say that Newman wrote better English than Cicero Latin. Nevertheless he constantly insisted on his obligations to the great Roman statesman."

Black Days.

In the calendar of the nations there are quite a number of "black" days. "Black Monday" was April 14, 1360, a day so dark and cold that many of the army of Edward III., king of England, which lay before the city of Paris, were frozen to death. An immense bush fire occurred on "Black Thursday" in Australia, Feb. 6, 1851. Two events are commemorated by "Black Friday" in England—Dec. 6, 1755, when the news reached England that the pretender had arrived at Derby, and May 11, 1866, when the failure of Overland, Gurney & Co. brought on a most disastrous panic. A panic in New York occurred Sept. 25, 1869, which was afterward known as "Black Friday." "Black Saturday" is the name applied to Aug. 4, 1621, when a great storm occurred at the time parliament was sitting to enforce episcopacy upon the people.

A Curious Eating Custom.

The Dyaks divide in pairs when the hour arrives for taking food, the father and mother at one platter, two sisters at one and still two brothers at another. When the family is not equally divided as to sex, a brother and sister may eat together, but this must always be the youngest and oldest of the family.

Her Pet Name.

"Ah!" he sighed after she had blushingly whispered "Yes" in his bosom. "My own Mehitabel! Oh, that name's so formal! Surely your friends use some shorter one, some pet name!"

"Well," she murmured, "the girls at boarding school used to call me Pickles."—Philadelphia Press.

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAGEDY.

A Fisherman's Wild Sail to Procure Medical Aid.

"The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "There is none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is reputed of a well to do fisherman who was something of a merchant that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast, for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive. On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snowstorm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing.

"'What's the matter with the woman?' the physician asked.

"He was informed.

"The husband minutely described his wife's agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee.

"'I'll take that,' said the doctor, 'if you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case.'

"'In an open boat!' the husband exclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's condition put such an arrangement beyond the bounds of reason.

"'Well, I can't do anything,' said the physician. 'If you bring her over, I'll attend to her.'

"When the husband got back to his home, the child had been born, but the woman died the next day."

PARRY A COMPLIMENT.

Accept One Always, but Never Take It Seriously.

The famous Mme. Recamier said that she always found two words sufficed to make her guests self-possessed. Upon their arrival she exclaimed, "At last!" and when they took their leave she said "Already?" If taken literally, we should deprecate the flattery. Flattery is insincere praise and wrongs him that gives and him that takes. It is sometimes kinder to accept a compliment than to parry it.

One may say "Thank you, it is pleasant to be seen through such kind (or partial) eyes," or perhaps, "It is a comfort to know that friendship is partly blind as well as the mythological boy," or any nonsense that serves to show that one appreciates the spirit that prompted the kind expression, however wide the truth.

The frequent repetition of the name of the person addressed holds a subtle compliment, implying more complete concentration of the speaker's thought upon his or her personality.

De Quincy says: "More is done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners than by all varieties of intellectual power."

It is the sympathetic and responsive listeners that call forth the best efforts of a talker. For such are reserved his choicest stories, his finest thoughts.

A ready smile acts as inspiration, and interest shown in the conversation of others stimulates and vivifies their thoughts.

To a good listener the diffident will say what they think, and the verbose will think what they say.

There is nothing more trying than to find that one's conversation is receiving but a divided attention and nothing more rude than for a person to pick up a book or paper and look over it while pretending to listen to what one is saying.—New York Herald.

Sayings About Breadcrumbs.

In the days when the "bread loaf" was dear careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some useful purpose. If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old fashioned mother lifted a warning finger and said, "If you throw crumbs in the fire, you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of a loaf was the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust, came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad), you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."—Notes and Queries.

On the Free List.

Some years ago there was a tollgate on a plank road leading to Elmwood cemetery, Detroit. All funerals were allowed to pass along this road without paying.

One day Dr. Pierce, a well known physician, while paying his toll, jokingly remarked to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," said the gatekeeper; "we can't afford that. You send too many deadbeats through as it is."—New York Times.

A Prisoner.

"I thought you guaranteed that suit of underwear you sold me not to shrink," said the customer who entered the store and stood in a somewhat cramped attitude.

"I did," replied the merchant. "If it shrinks, bring it back."

"I have brought it back," said the customer in evident embarrassment, "but I got caught out in the rain and can't get it off."—Ohio State Journal.

IKE'S OXEN

How He Traded Them Nautically and What Happened In Consequence.

Among his neighbors Job Haines was considered a pretty fair sort of man. He had settled in a little town in the southern part of Kansas, where Job lived as an immigrant from New Hampshire, and he brought his Yankee sharpness with him, but as he dealt fair and attended to his own business he passed. The only member of the family besides Job and his wife was Ike, a nephew whom Job had taken in to bring up, as he had no children of his own. Ike was a typical New England boy about fifteen years old. He had been brought up in one of the coast villages of Maine and had a great love for the sea.

Job, like the majority of Yankee farmers, was a firm believer in cattle and did most of his work with oxen. One day he said to Ike, "Ike, if you'll take that pair of yearling steers and break them to work, you can have them." Ike was exceedingly well pleased at that and at once assumed charge of his new possessions. If ever a pair of young oxen were well taken care of, they were. Ike combed them as carefully as the horses, so that their slick coats shone as glossy as silk, and he was so fond with them that they were as gentle as sheep. He named them Jack and Billy.

In Connecticut Deacon Lothrop found the farm a dream. It had been the one hope of his life to own a big farm, but his having sent west had destroyed it. When his time came for him to break the deck of his own ship he could not step down and out, as always he vanished of his responsibilities. Decide for himself. That was what Job was afraid of. Billy was a big, raw-boned [illegible] of Connecticut [illegible] of the coast villages of Maine and had a great love for the sea.

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[illegible] Deacon Hoppus was [illegible] Mass. and [illegible] pride of [illegible] The good deacon saw that Job's yoke of oxen were working and he [illegible] to possess them. He offered to buy them several times, but Job always said that they belonged to the [illegible] who left for sale. The deacon [illegible] He [illegible] with [illegible] finally [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHECKMATE

A Story of the Bull Ring In Mexico.

By AMY MINCHER PARISH

La Fiesta de San Juan was at its height. Guanajuato was tipping out from its serpentine streets, close built and ill smelling, its hordes of humanity, from the family of the Gobernador, handsome, well dressed and modern, down to the swarms of beggars, with sightless eyes and deformed limbs, bearing in their bodies the mark of Mexico, with her dark past.

The whole movement was toward the Presa, the upper town, where the aristocratic element had by a natural law appropriated to itself the better air, prodigal in sunshine and flowers, clean water and fresh breezes, secure against the ever present dread of typhus.

Reservoirs supplying the city with water gave the location its name, and now, on the recurrence of his birthday, St. John, the apostle of healing waters, was to cleanse the city. The gates were to be opened and the presas were to empty their flood into the now nearly dry river bed, carrying with it in a mad rush to the Lagos the year's accumulation of disease and debris.

The wealth and ultra fashion were out in carriages. Laughing faces of dark eyed senoritas dividing the attention with the picturesque venders of holiday dulces or sweets, impossible gyrating monsters, ear splitting whistles and rattling devil's boxes, wildeap little urchins who played cart wheel and leapfrog or did tricks for centavos.

But the crowning event was to be the annual bullfight, in which, instead of profes sional matadores, young caballeros, men of high social rank, were to contend for the honors bestowed by the fair hand of the queen of beauty.

Great preparations had been made for this special function, and long before the appointed hour the rose covered balconies of the circus, where since the days of Cortez men and beauty had gathered to witness the sports of the ring, were filled to overflow.

On the side reserved for the ladies of society, as closely guarded by [illegible] social scorns on the other side, were Spanish cheeks of rich olive, with those [illegible] of brunettes and blondes of soft cream beauty headed with gold and silver trimmings, here and there one of a coloring from the Lost Pleiad. Some of these, for everything Parisian is made by dear and destructive to the Mexican purse.

While awaiting the arrival of the queen of the fiesta the audience took note of its various members, and the youngest American whose homage to the Royal Isabella during his few weeks' sojourn in Guanajuato had already given him notoriety, and Senor Enrico Castillo a recognized suitor, even now "playing the bear" for her favor.

The presence of the latter, one of the best of their seniors matadores, in the audience signifying that he was to have no part in the fray, was causing evident comment among his friends.

They could not know how the weary waiting for a signal from his love, the zealous devotion newly stimulated by a demon of jealousy born of Carter's evident favor with the girl, the very ardor of his passion had consumed his strength to such an extent that he knew better than to trust his future to a hand that trembled if but in the presence of her he loved.

But the Senorita Isabella's royal beauty as she now sat enthroned in the midst of her maids of attendance, the lovely face with its brilliant eyes peeping from the meshes of exquisite lace, the hand wrought mantilla without which no queen of the bullfight is regally arrayed, lips ripe and red as the heart of a pomegranate, were fast arousing in him the desire to bring upon himself not the mere smile and victor's wreath, the applause of the audience, but a tribute to daring that should carry with it herself and her love.

What did she want of the love of a gringo?

Because she had lived in their country a few months did she know them with their heart of ice? Did she think her lover tropical enough to warm a home in the north into any semblance of her country?

He had felt so unnerved, so wearied with the pacing to and fro in heat and cold, day and night, in front of her dwelling, walking where she walked, waiting where she rested and seeing the smile that belonged to him by every precedent of their race given to a big Americano, a gringo from over the line!

But jealousy, strong as death in Mexico, can also give strength.

Two bulls had already been slain, and the third had dangling from his shoulders six gayly decorated banderillas, or sharpened goads. Furious and snorting, he was waiting to attack the red cloth, this time to his death, when a shout, lost in a roar of fear, sounded far up and down the city.

A man, placing his hands on the barrier dividing the audience from the arena, had as deliberately leaped over it to death as a schoolboy to play.

Snatching the red rag, he approached the maddened beast, who was pawing the ground, bellowing with pain and anger, gathering his fury for a final charge upon those who dared to so torture him.

The noise of the audience died into appalling silence as it recognized Don Enrique.

There was no time for conjecture as to the cause for his action. His fate would be decided in one moment of time.

When within two feet of his victim, Sir Toro closed his eyes in a murderous lunge, while the man from whom Enrique had taken the red cloth made a dash for safety behind the grating.

But [illegible] was hot blood in that soft of the south, too, and the red flag of jealousy had flaunted itself in his face, and the audience with wonder saw him skip to one side safe, and before the bull could recover from his disappointment leap from the side into the very embrace of death.

Two arms clasped the animal's throats like bands of steel. The astonished beast lunged and tossed in a vain endeavor to free himself. The gonds bent and snapped, dropping one by one.

Then the dazed people woke to a realization of this bit of daring, and groans and hurrahs rose again and again from 15,000 throats as those two struggled in an encounter unheard of before in the history of bullfighting.

But never since the days of Ursus has jealousy or desire for revenge, nor love even, matched human arms with the strength of a bull, and Enrique's grasp must surely weaken.

To drop now was certain death beneath the angry hoofs which had pawed the ground so that man and beast were of the earth's color.

Then the young senor who, in the role of matadore, was to have dispatched this bull, came to his work with a coolness hardly less notable than Enrique's daring, and braving the usual disgrace of attacking the bull when not charging approached the pawing animal, watched his chance and pointed the sword.

The bull, seeing a more feasible enemy, charged to his own death. For, opening the fingers so that the hilt rested in the palm of his hand, Don Enrique so steadied it that the onward impetus of the animal forced the keen blade into the very arch of the aorta. One moment, as if daring even this, and over he fell.

Don Enrique gave a bound over the neck and, alighting on his feet, walked forward to the queen to receive the reward for his daring for her sake.

The crowd roared and howled and stamped in its excitement. Beautiful girls snatched off their silken shawls, their flowers, cigars, hats, canes and handkerchiefs by the thousands came in a shower into the arena.

But Enrique was all unheeding. He was looking for something more. Surely she knew she had done it for her sake! Did she think her American love or wealth could do as much?

But even as she offered the crown of flowers which he had won for her she looked him well in the eyes and knew that she had been [illegible] Carter rightly. Deeply [illegible] between the [illegible]

"Querido Dia" Enrique whispered as her eyes dropped to his. But he knew the coldness that chilled her face from his own. How, he knew not, of that embrace.

That evening old Don Jose, the landlord of the Bonded Hostelry, and Don Enrique, coming from Philip Carter's apartments.

"No esta aqui," said the old man. "He is not here. His American senorita and her father came for him this morning, and they have just taken their departure."

The [illegible] upon Enrique's face [illegible]

"I have left a remembrance for him. When he returns, he will find it, and do you tell him Enrique Castillo left it."

"Diablo!" said old Don Jose when he found Enrique's dagger driven to the hilt through the covers of Philip Carter's bed.

Two weeks later he received word from Carter to forward his traps to the office of the Mexican Central.

Possibly Carter considered that in Guanajuato there was nothing of sufficient interest for the American girl who was to be his wife.—Vogue.

The End of the Beau.

Beau Nash, like Beau Fielding and Beau Brummel, was to expiate his contemptible vanity in an old age of obscurity, want and misery. As he grew old he grew insolent and seemed insensible to the pain he gave to others by his coarse repartees. He was no longer the gay, thoughtless, silly industrious creature he once was. The evening of his life grew cloudy, and nothing but poverty lay in the prospect before him. Abandoned by the great, whom he had so long served, he was obliged to fly to those of humbler stations for protection and began to need that charity which he had never refused to any and to learn that a life of gayety finds an inevitable end in misery and regret.

A new generation sprang up to which Nash was a stranger. His splendor gradually waned. Neglect filled him with bitterness, and he lost thereby the remainder of his popularity. His income now became very precarious, so that the corporation voted him an allowance of 10 guineas, to be paid him on the first Monday in each month. He long occupied a house known as Garrick's Head, subsequently occupied by Mrs. Delaney, but he died in a smaller one near by.—Nineteenth Century.

Alligators and Crocodiles.

Alligators, according to the late Professor Cope, belong to a much more modern genus than that of their cousins the crocodiles. No undoubtedly extinct species of alligator has ever been discovered by geologists, but those animals are fast being exterminated at the present day on account of the value of their hides. Alligators are found in China as well as in North America. The crocodile exists in Africa, southern Asia and northern Australia. The crocodile differs from the alligator in preferring salt water to fresh and in being more vicious in its disposition.

Pussy's Sponge and Hairbrush.

Cats large and small make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

After the Wedding.

The Countess—You've no idea how embarrassed the count was when he proposed to me.

The Dear Friend—I heard it took considerable of your father's money to pay his debts.—Judge.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

The Christmas tree which was held at the Moore school on Christmas eve was a grand success. There was also an entertainment which was said to be the best this season.

There was a number of young folks attended the dance at Turtle Point last Friday evening and all report having a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mundy of Smethport were calling on relatives in the valley one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGill and Mrs. E. A. Smith were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Provin last Sunday.

If you wish to learn the new two step it can be seen on the west side. (Go away back and sit down.)

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Day and family spent Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casper Smith.

Joseph Trumble is visiting relatives and friends in Portville and Ceres during the holidays.

Mrs. Mary Lyons, who has been visiting relatives in Port Allegany, has returned home.

Mrs. P. H. McGill spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mundy of Smethport.

Irven Champlin of Coryville was renewing acquaintances in the valley Monday.

Mrs. Henry Otto, who has been nursing a sore arm, is a little better at this writing.

The dance which was held in Tyler's hall one evening last week was a grand success.

Ned Mullin of Turtle Point passed through our town last Wednesday.

Mrs. D. W. Derby was shopping in Smethport one day last week.

Annie Holmes of Portland Mills is visiting friends in this place.

LaVerne Bush of Turtlepoint was in our city one day last Monday.

Guy Dickerson is assisting at A. S. Grant's Store for a few days.

Ed. Tanner was south on our streets one day last week.

John Stanton was in Smethport last Saturday.

D. W. Derby has purchased a new cutter.

LARABEE.

E. C. Crandall, wife and daughter, Cecil, Mrs. Maria Rice and Miss Mildred Rice spent Christmas night at the home of Mr. Crandall's parents at Turtle Point.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor and sons, Edward and Glenn, of Turtle Point spent Christmas with Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Carpenter.

Leander Moore of Ovid, Mich., accompanied by his daughter, Miss Jennie, is visiting his son, Dell, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moses came down from Port Allegany and spent Christmas at W. E. Windsor's.

Several of our young people have been taking in the revival meetings at Slack Hollow during the past week.

C. G. Carpenter visited his sister, Mrs. T. Spees, at Ceres, N. Y., Wednesday and Thursday.

Geo. Turner is the happiest man in town. It's a girl and mother and child are doing nicely.

Miss Grace Taylor of Turtle Point visited Miss Cecil Crandall Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Lon Harte of Hornellsville, N. Y., is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Almon Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of Port Allegany were guests of Mrs. D. Daley Thursday.

A. A. McDonald of Cross Forks was a guest of D. R. McDonald over Christmas.

Chester Moody of Cloverdale farm, Moody Hollow, was in town Saturday.

A. J. Anderson and son of Colegrove were pleasant callers in town Monday.

James Phalin of Phalin was in town Monday.

At the Methodist Church.

"A Motto for the New Year," is Gaylard H. Fatterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. For the next three Sunday evenings his subjects are "Journeys with Dante Through Hell (1)," "Purgatory (2)," "Paradise (3)". The Week of Prayer will be observed next week in the chapel.

A Fair Supposition.

"Who is that man who keeps saying it is always the unexpected that happens?"

"I'm not sure—probably an attache of the weather bureau."—Washington Star.

Not So Brave.

Blobbs—He says he would rather fight than eat.

Slobs—Pugnacious, eh?

Blobbs—No; dyspeptic.—Philadelphia Record.

A bachelor says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.—Chicago News.

DENTISTRY.

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,
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Attorneys.

Byron D. Hamlin — John Forrest

Hamlin & Forrest

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E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

W. S. Hubbard,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Justice of the Peace, Room 4 City (P. O.) Building. OLEAN, N. Y.

E. R. Mayo & Son.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, 12 Main Street, Smethport, Pa. Office hours 9 to 11 A. M. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.

Office and Residence on Clark Block, Smethport. Office Hours 9 to 11 A. M. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

W. A. [illegible], M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

G. D. Remington,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence on Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours: 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m. Office and Residence in Reed's Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

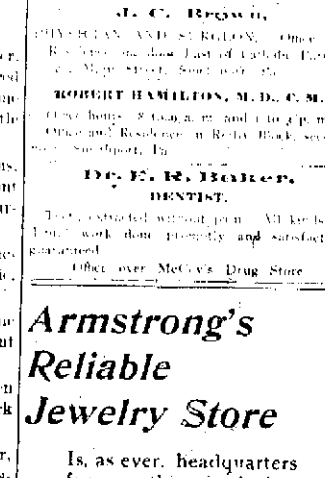
Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.


Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.
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Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Lyon G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

COUNTY AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Mercur, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. A. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—C. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—M. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungerville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broadbent.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; D. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Beebe, Bradford.
Coroner—P. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKeam, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKeam, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Verdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. —, Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 P. M. Degrees on the second and fourth Wednesdays at 1 p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

G. O. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 489, meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

J. W. BEEBER, N. G.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Lodge, No. —, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. GALLUP, Record.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Lodge, No. —, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. WELLS, Com.
W. C. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. L. M.—Bingham Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MRS. ANNA M. GILFORD, Com.
MRS. LYDIA HOGARTH, R. K.

P. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, No. —, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday at 3:00 p. m. in the M. E. church.

MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. —, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. —, O. E. S. Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption, degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. H. LEWIS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 3:39 p. m.
Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegheny, Salamanca, Olean City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont:

Train 122, weekdays, 10:59 a. m.
Train 126, weekdays, 7:7 p. m.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Commercial and points south:

Train [illegible], weekdays, 9:14 a. m.
Train 123, weekdays, 2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:28 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor and [illegible] Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:43 p. m., New York 10:20 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

5:38 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:00 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. Passengers can remain in car [illegible] to 7:30 a. m.

5:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Emporium and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:9 a. m., New York 10:00 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m., Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport.

11:30 p. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:45 a. m., New York 10:38 a. m. Sundays, 11:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

9:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, to Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

5:20 p. m.—Train 61, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M.	STATIONS.	SOUTH A. M.	P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	10 01	
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40	
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 26	
10 20	[illegible]	11 26	
10 25	Straight	11 26	
10 30	Instanter	11 16	
10 33	Smith's Run	11 13	
10 38	Woodvale	11 04	
10 45	Clermont	11 00	
A. M.		A. M.	

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 209, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for Dubois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:40 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. H. HUTCHINSON, [illegible]

B. B. & K. RAILWAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1901.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	19
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Bradford, Leave	7 40	10 15	1 30	4 05	...
Kenjua Junc	8 15	10 50	2 05	4 40	...
Aiken	8 20	10 55	2 10	4 45	...
DuBois	8 25	11 00	2 15	4 50	...
Sanpson	8 30	11 05	2 20	4 55	...
Ormsby	8 40	11 15	2 30	5 05	...
Smethport, Ar.	9 45	11 45	2 56	5 30	...
Lv.	8 10	10 40	1 55	4 30	...
Mt. Jewett	9 30	11 45	3 00	5 35	...
Kane, Ar.	9 45	12 20	3 35	6 10	...
Lv.	9 45		4 40	...	...
Kinzua	10 18		5 07	...	...
Sheffield Junc	10 38		5 40	...	...
Marienville	11 20		6 15	...	...
Tylersburg	12 00		6 55	...	...
Tionesta	12 15		7 11	...	...
West Carlton	12 40		7 35	...	5 40
Carlton Junc	12 45		7 38	...	6 00
Sheffield	1 00		7 53	...	6 10
Irvin	1 26		8 18	...	6 32
Clarendon	1 37		8 34	...	6 46
Warren	2 20		9 08	...	7 30
Pittsfield	2 25			...	7 40
Youngsville	2 52			...	8 07
Garland	3 00			...	8 25
Corry	3 30			...	9 20
Union City	4 20			...	9 45
Waterford, Ar.	5 40			...	10 45
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	20
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Waterford, Lv.				5 20	4 20
Union City				5 55	4 58
Corry				6 20	5 30
Pittsfield				10 16	5 54
Youngsville				10 30	6 13
Garland				10 55	6 40
Warren		4 55		11 35	7 00
Clarendon		4 50		12 15	7 45
Irvin		5 05		12 35	8 01
West Clarendon		6 01		12 45	8 16
Sheffield		6 09		12 55	8 20
Carlton Junc		6 40		12 48	8 13
Carlton		6 50		1 15	
Tionesta		6 48		1 00	
Tylersburg		7 02		1 34	
Marienville		7 32		2 15	
Sheffield Junc		8 17		3 00	
Kinzua		8 37		3 40	
Kane, Ar.		9 35		4 30	
Lv.		9 45		4 50	
Mt. Jewett		8 10	10 40	1 55	4 00
Ormsby		8 40	11 15	2 30	4 35
Smethport, Ar.		9 07	11 45	2 55	5 30
Lv.		8 40	10 40	1 50	4 40
Sanpson		8 49	11 24	2 39	5 14
DuBois		8 55	11 30	2 45	5 20
Aiken		9 00	11 35	2 50	5 25
Kenjua Junc		9 05	11 40	2 55	5 30
Bradford, Ar.		9 40	12 30	3 25	6 00
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains 2 and 7 run daily between Bradford, Smethport and Kane. All other trains daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

OLDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY railroad time table, taking effect Monday, Nov. 18, 1901.

GOING EAST	STATIONS	GOING WEST
P. M.		P. M.
5 05	Lv. Oldersport Ar.	1 30
5 15	Lv. Oldersport Lv.	1 20
5 30	Ar. Port Allegany Lv.	1 05
P. M.		P. M.

Connections at Oldersport with B. B. & K. R. R. and Port Allegany with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. and P. & E. R. R.

J. C. McCLURE, Sup't.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Saturday, Aug 5, 1901

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

Northward Read up	STATIONS & SIDINGS	Southward Read down
P. M.		A. M.
4 30	Lv. Mt. Jewett Ar.	9 00
5 21	Hazelhurst	8 09
5 30	Marvindale	8 00
5 37	Keating Summit	7 53
5 54	Emporium	7 36
6 00	Smethport	7 30
6 07	Farmers Valley	7 23
6 14	Coryville	7 16
6 20	Larabee	7 10
P. M.		A. M.

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down	STATIONS & SIDINGS	Northward Read up
P. M.		A. M.
7 40	Clermont	8 30
7 52	Wetmore	8 17
8 06	Wildwood	8 04
8 19	North Fork	7 50
8 28	Bear R'n	7 42
A. M.		P. M.
8 47	St. Marys	7 25
9 07	St. Marys	6 47
9 52	Kaul	6 48
10 17	Paine	6 20
9 21	Kersey	6 10
9 04	Ethon	5 53
8 50	Hyde	5 35
A. M.		P. M.
8 08	St. Marys	5 18
8 30	Paine	5 42
7 00	Byrne	5 10
7 05	Wenerville	5 05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y or their connections.

N.—All trains daily except Sunday.
F.—Flag Station.

M. S. BLAIR, General Sup't.
CHAS. H. HAMMOND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Marys, Pa.

Kushequa Route.

In Effect May 20, 1901.

Leave Newton for Smethport, 8:23 a. m., 12:45 p. m., 5:25 p. m.

Arrive Smethport 8:47 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 7:17 p. m.

Leave Smethport for Mt. Jewett 7:55 a. m., 12 m., 4:55 p. m.

Arrive Mt. Jewett 8:05 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 7:1 p. m.

Leave Mt. Jewett for Smethport 8:05 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 2:40 p. m., 6:08 p. m.

T. E. MOULTON, Supt.

CANDY CATHARTIC 25¢

Cascarets

10c. 25c. 50c. BEST FOR THE BOWELS All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."